

The Historie of

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace Coosin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontent
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to or ewalke a Current roring lowd
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowse a Lion, then to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good Coosin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he shall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would saue his foule, he shall not,

Henry the Fourth.

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purposes:
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies a sleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Coosin, a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of *Ale*.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place,
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:

Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenpurgh*,
Nor. At *Barkly* Castle. *Hot.* You say true,

Why what a candie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Coosin: